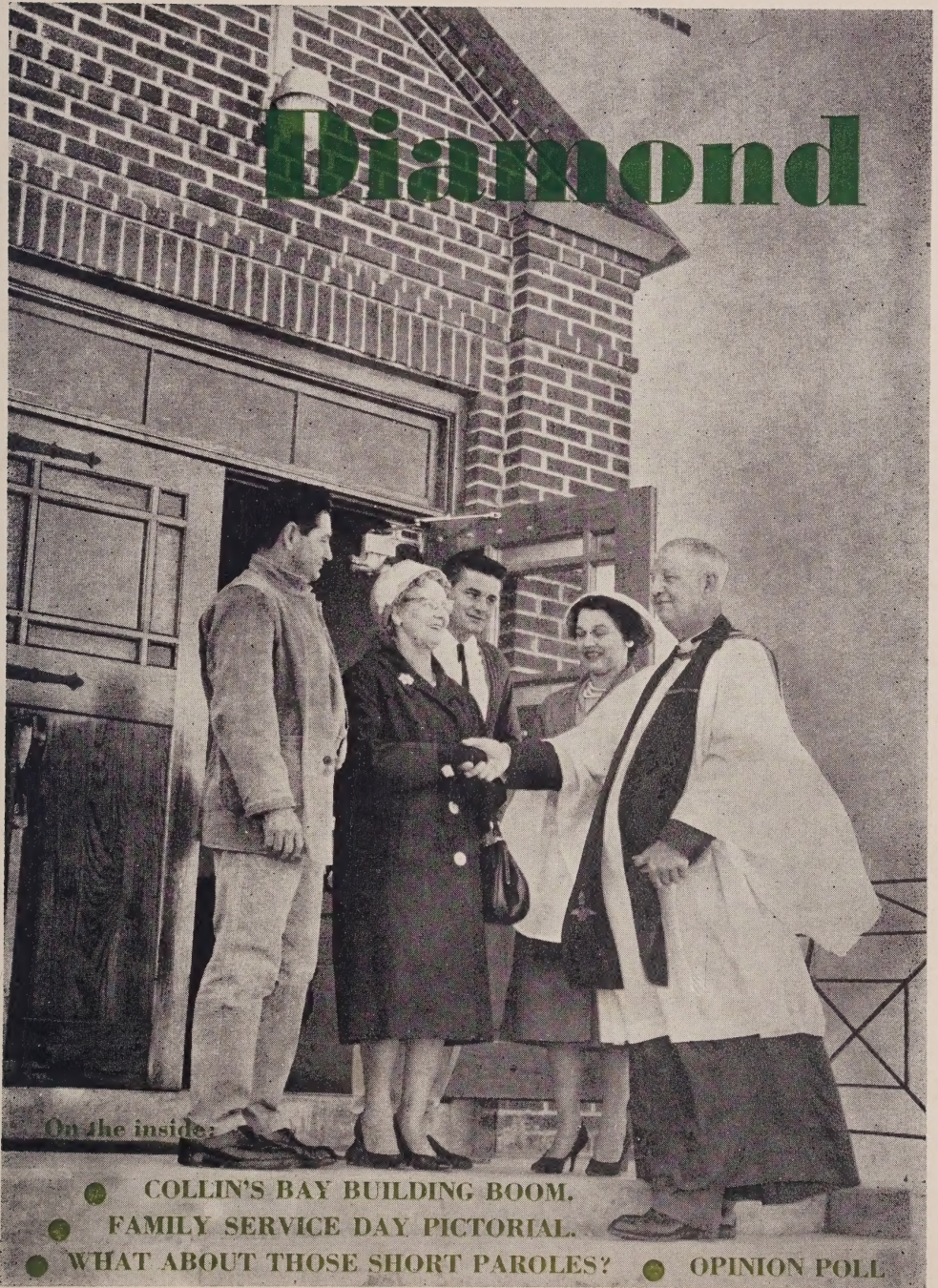


Diamond



On the inside:

● COLLIN'S BAY BUILDING BOOM.

● FAMILY SERVICE DAY PICTORIAL.

● WHAT ABOUT THOSE SHORT PAROLES?

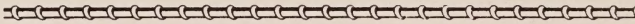
● OPINION POLL

THE DIAMOND

Founded 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, with the sanction of Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allan J. MacLeod.

It is the aim of **The Diamond** to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics and to help bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public, as well as to provide a medium for creative expression for the inmate population of the prison.



PENITENTIARY WARDEN

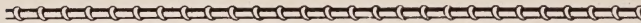
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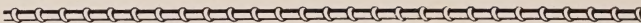
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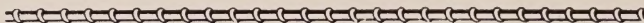
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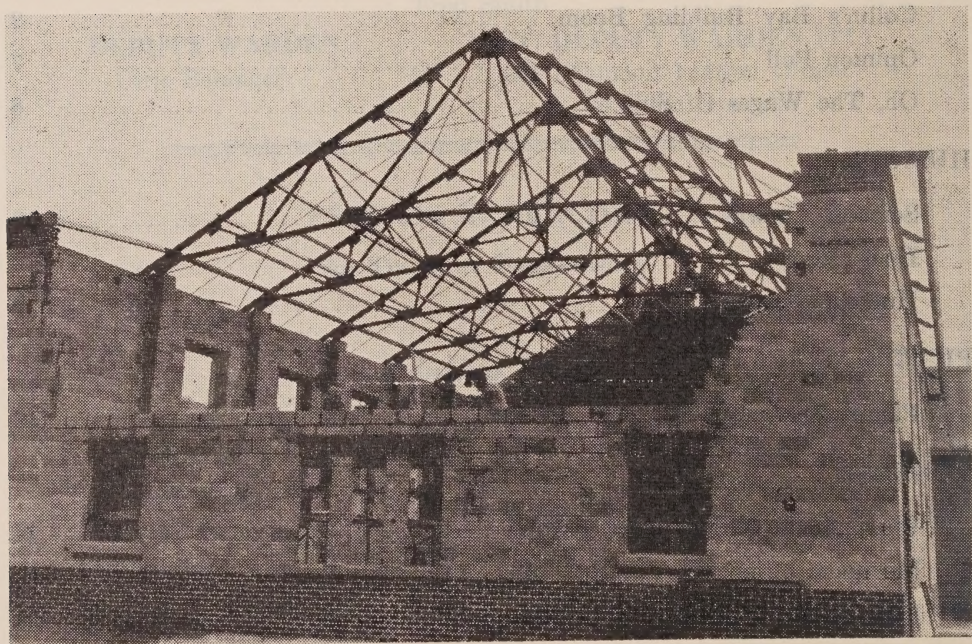
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COLLIN'S BAY

Brick Masons Near Completion
of Catholic Chapel, Outside
Stores; Plan More Buildings



Catholic Chapel shortly after steel
framework went up in late August.

BUILDING BOOM

Some 90 to 100 convicted forgers, confidence men, burglars, armed robbers, and assorted lawbreakers, have been entrusted with \$190,000 by the Federal Government.

And Ottawa has plans of placing at least an equal sum in the 'hands' of these men in the immediate future.

But not in cold, hard, coin of the realm, however.

The sum includes the total cost of construction undertaken here at Collin's Bay during the past 18 months, and performed primarily with inmate labour and skills.

Completed in March of last year was the new Protestant chapel, valued at \$75,000. Presently under construction is a \$40,000 Catholic chapel, and a \$75,000 stores warehouse, outside the walls.

Following the completion of these projects, Ottawa, and the Prison Services, plans further building for the institution.

The Industrial Brick Masons are playing a principal role in these operations, and performing auxiliary labour are the Industrial Plumbers, Electrical, Sheet Metal, and Carpenter shops, as well as the General Labour crew.

The Industrial shops are a part of the Trades Training programme offered here for prisoners.

Over the years, the masons have constructed the entire prison, with exception to the gymnasium—a project

finished last year, which necessitated an early time limit, and could not be done by inmates under the present lockup schedule.

The construction of the new Catholic chapel, when completed, will seat approximately 400, have every modern convenience, including a receiving room, where the priest may interview inmates; and will serve as a solution to the problem of a growing portion of the population attending Mass.

The mason's gang was divided into two groups to handle the warehouse and chapel.

The men started work on the R.C. chapel in the fall of last year by pouring cement for the foundation, walls and ducts.

This phase of the job was aided by the General Labour, or 'Bullgang'. They completed the job of excavating by doing all the trimming and digging that was not accessible to the large shovel, and dug all the surface lines for the electrical and plumbing shops.

Three Brick Masons were first employed on the site, but by the time they had established the brick corners, the gang had expanded to 20 men.

Work stopped during the winter months of 1962-63, but was resumed this spring.

By mid-summer, the Masons had completed all the masonry work to a height of 19 feet 11½ inches. At the time of compiling the information con-



Outside Stores expected to
have been completed in October

cerning this article, they were awaiting delivery of the steel trestles that are to provide for the ceiling support.

Assistant Mason Instructor, Lloyd Smith, a man who has worked on masonry in the Institution for the past 16 years, is hoping that his men will have the chapel done in time for the Easter services next year.

When completed, the chapel will be 77 feet, 8 inches in length, and 46½ ft. wide; the length some 25 feet shorter than the Protestant chapel. Work on the Protestant chapel started February,

1959, and was completed in March, 1962. It has a seating capacity of 420.

The period necessary to build the Roman Catholic chapel will be 16 months shorter than the time required to build the Protestant chapel.

The new R.C. chapel will complete the replacement of the old temporary wooden structures of worship in the institution.

Rev. Canon Minto Swan, Anglican minister of the Protestant chapel, declared that the new chapels were considered for a number of years and, in

view of the new Family Service idea, "have fitted in extremely well."

The Protestant minister further remarked "the new chapel, with its beautiful appointments, has given the building a fine reverence and dignity. Also, it has increased attendance and certainly allows for the chaplains to have much better accomodations."

Don Croll (asst. to chief instructor of Masons, Walter Humes and working with Smith) and Instructor Smith, both did the plastering, tile base work, metal lathing and general finishing on the building.

Chief Instructor Humes, assisted by two inmates, did the irregular (Hav-dite) brick work on the inside of the Protestant chapel.

Both chapels have receiving rooms, a dressing room (used by choir), a gallery at the rear, and a choir gallery.

The only significant piece of furniture that will be preserved from the old R.C. chapel is the altar—a large piece of stone work designed and cut in 1939, by retired stone shed instructor, Adam White.

According to Instructor Smith, the majority of the workers on the Brick Masons have not taken the vocational course offered by the Institution on masonry, but nevertheless are "proficient and competent" enough to handle the job of building.

Commenting on two inmates who recently left the job for the Trades Training programme, Smith said, "I hope to have two vastly improved brick layers when they complete the course. They both have been diligent and interested workers."

The vocational Brickmason's course is a six month theory and practical experience programme on all types of

masonry work. Sessions are held twice a year, providing instruction on simple layouts for single walls, vee, dome, and arch patterns.

During the process of the building, Smith stresses safety at all times; and occasionally has to reprimand a few of the fellows for carrying too heavy a load—"one inmate in particular", says Smith, "Darch" or 'Stretch', as his buddies know him; a large, muscular, horse-power type of person, attempts to climb the scaffolding with a load on his back any three pack horses would find hard to carry.

Outside the wall, the other section of the Mason's gang, is working on the new Stores Warehouse.

Chief Instructor, Walter Humes, a 55-year-old man who has had 41 years in the construction business, supervises the inmates on the job.

The building has an approximate commercial value of \$75 000 and when completed, will service all storage needs in the Collin's Bay, Kingston, and Joyceville institutions.

The various correctional camps situated at Collin's Bay, Landry Crossing, and Beaver Creek, will also profit from the investment.

The building is 184 feet in length, 114 feet wide, and is 17½ feet high.

Fork-lift trucks will be part of the modern equipment and facilities used in the new building. They will handle all heavy loading and unloading. And a large delivery ramp located in the basement will give trucks easy access to, and from, the warehouse.

The work started on the Stores, April, 1961, but came to a halt in March of the following year.

No precaution was taken to fill in

the holes made for the columns; consequently, the frost and ice of the winter months got under the foundation lifting it five or so inches, to split, crack, and generally ruin all that had been completed up to that time.

The column incident, though costly, was the only major difficulty encountered, therefore the Masons were able to hurry construction along so that the job is now expected to be finished sometime this November.

Looking back a few years, the Brick Masons have played major roles in the building of two large barns, situated outside the south wall of the main prison, and which are part of the Collin's Bay Farm Camp.

The largest of the two barns is 300 feet long and has two adjoining wings.

Also constructed on the Farm Camp were:

A 100 foot hen and brooder house.

A double staff house.

In addition, the Industrial shops located within the wall at the east end of the prison were built only a few years ago, and, to the dismay of the

rebel—"chintown", or the 'hole'—detention cells.

All the building done by the Masons must conform to the Department of Public Works Building Code, since all work is supervised by them.

The future construction plans presently under consideration include the building of a new Keeper's hall, which will accommodate a recreation room, lounge, lockers, and shower facilities. It will be built in the area north of Cell Block 3, or, in the northwest corner of the prison.

Other construction includes a new paint shop, to replace the smaller one now in operation; and various other shops including a maintenance building.

Through interviews with two of the instructors, the Diamond found that the only gripe amongst these brick-beavers is that they have no home they can call home.

"Why is it that the Masons, after building the prison, have no real place to assemble in the mornings, save in a dilapidated old shack", one malingering musclebound mason-making mastodon remarked.

Library Adding New Books

Within the last two months the prison library has replenished its shelves with 400 new books. The books range from westerns to science-fiction.

Within a year or so, the library hopes to furnish inmates with all new books. As a result, all old out-of-date copies of books will be surveyed.

According to a report from an inmate library clerk, magazine readers may expect to see a complete newly bound volume section in the very near future, including current issues of *Life*, *Post*, *National Geographic*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Popular Science*, etc.

C.B. OPINION POLL

How About A Parole?

Can you imagine a convict refusing to leave a penitentiary? That, in effect, is what 65% of a group of Collin's Bay inmates, interviewed by the Diamond, said they would do if offered a parole.

They stated, flatly, they would not accept a parole. Of the remaining 35%, 15% said they would take a parole, but voiced resentment of the conditions which would be imposed upon them. The remaining 20% made no qualifications when admitting they would take a parole.

One hundred inmates, representing 22.7% of the total population of the penitentiary at the time of the poll taking, made up the test group. Ages ranged from 20 years to 50 years, with 70% under 35, and the remainder 35 years and older. Twenty nine percent were serving two year sentences; the remainder had terms ranging from three to fourteen years.

Objections to, and criticism of, the parole system were varied and controversial. The ones most frequently offered were:

a) 75%...paroles mean an increase in sentences, because 'good' time, normally earned by an inmate for behaving himself, has to be served on parole.

(This mean that on a five-year sentence, a parolee is under supervision for the entire five-year period; while an inmate remaining in prison, until the expiration of his sentence, would do only about three years and five months.)

b) 65%...no inmate really has a clear idea of what is expected of him, in order that he might receive a parole. He knows that behaving himself is not the sole answer, because he sees as many 'model prisoners' being denied parole as there are those who make them.

c) 40%...paroles (to many inmates) appear to be a clever and subtle way to give the police legal means to harass and keep the ex-inmate under surveillance for a longer period.

C.A.M. Edwards, regional (Kingston) representative for the National Parole Board, told the Diamond, that one reason why many inmates, at Collin's Bay, were not making parole, was that they were not writing for parole (in order to make parole, an inmate must submit an application for parole to the National Parole Board).

Warden Fred Smith said Collin's Bay was receiving less paroles than he felt a penitentiary of Collin's Bay's type should be.

Chairman of the National Parole Board, T. George Street, said both the failure to write for parole, and inmates not presenting an acceptable plan, explaining how they plan to live upon release, are responsible for many inmates not receiving paroles.

Inmates, who said they would accept a parole, generally agreed, that if a man is sincere and determined to make good, the restrictions and impositions should not really matter, as long as they are fair and non-discriminating.

Path To Becoming 'Joint' Capitalist is A Rocky One

By Tom Bergin

If you have ever taken a neighbourly swing at a guard, or were ever caught crawling up the prison wall, or were ever bagged while carousing down the 'Gaza strip' (main cellblock corridor) under the stimulus of fermented potatoe extract, you've got a fairly good idea why you blew a grade.

But losing grades causes very few ulcers in Collin's Bay. It is getting, or earning the grades which causes most of the anxiety, suspicion, and talk among the 450 inmates.

Grades are wages, and wages are tobacco, shaving cream, chewing gum Pepsi Colas, and a controlled degree of independence and financial responsibility.

Grades come in four compact sizes, 1, 2, 3 and 4, and they can be picked up, (under certain conditions) once every three months, from your friendly local Grading Board.

The five-man board consists of Asst. Dep. Warden William Rynasko, (IT), chairman; Asst. Dep. Warden, William Westlake (custody); Edward Oglivie (CTI); Douglas Horbeck (CVO); and William Downton (Classification). The Warden and Deputy Warden, as ex-officio members, sometimes sit in on the meetings.

Making The Grade

In an interview, on August 29, Mr. Rynasko outlined the ways and means by which an inmate can quickly, and almost painlessly, ascend to the pin-

nacle of our financial structure, grade four.

If an inmate observes the behaviour and working habits of an average inmate, and proceeds to do just a little better, then he will get his grades.

When asked, what important points were considered by the Grading Board, before granting or refusing a grade, Mr. Rynasko mentioned five specific points:

Accuracy at work: covers the quality and quantity of the inmate's work. Economy of materials; thoroughness, safety, and good judgement.

Productivity: Economy of time. Initiative, that is, taking it upon yourself to keep busy after you have completed an assigned job.

Compatibility: Getting along with the trade instructor, gang boss, department head, fellow workers, and the inmates in general.

Personal Habits: Cleanliness. A four-day stubble in not the best recommendation; neither are mud-spattered shoes, nor a head of hair which looks like a shaggy dog. Cooperation: Do you turn mulish, sullen, or argumentative when given an order? It is all tabulated.

Institutional Living: I was surprised to learn that the custodial staff keeps an eye on the condition of each cell. Institutional living also takes in sports activities, AA groups, church groups, etc.

Using the foregoing five points as a guide, the administrative staff, the custodial staff, and a classification officer, submit a written report to the Grading Board.

The reports are carefully examined and a vote is taken as to whether a grade should, or should not, be given. The decision is reached on a 'majority rules' basis. A 4 to 1, or a 3 to 2 "YES" count ensures an extra grade, and vice versa with a "NO" count.

According to Mr. Rynasko, it is not government policy to stipulate a definite quota of inmates to each grade.

"The fact is", he emphasized, "we would rather see everyone on grade four: they could run the place themselves, then."

I thought that it was a wonderful idea.

"There are more men" he continued, "on grade four under this new system than there were on grade three, under the old system. (Under the old system, which expired April 1962, grade 3 was the maximum grade.)

"The grades are there if the men want them. But they must be earned."

"How about the men on the bull-gang," I asked. "Do they stand the same chance of making an extra grade as, say, the men in the accountant's office?"

"Yes, definitely," he replied, looking me straight in the eye. "The bull-gang does a very necessary job. Their work is hard and dirty. If they pull their weight, they will, like any other inmate, receive their grades."

Why and When You 'blow' Grades

We do not have enough space to enumerate the different ways a man may lose a grade; however, the best safety device against *losing* grades is to

do the best you can with the old job, until the administration suggests the work change. You agree to the change and keep your grade.

In most cases, if you request a work change, and it is granted, you will lose a grade. You do not lose your grade if you change to vocational training or if the classification Board decides that the change is essential to your program of training.

An inmate who goes before the warden on a breach of discipline, may lose every grade he has, and possibly some good time, into the bargain. However, the Grading Committee at the next Grading Board can return all or some of the lost grades. This is the only single instance where more than one grade can be given to a man within a three month period.

An inmate who, for disciplinary reasons, is returned to C.B. from an outside camp, automatically reverts back to grade one. He must begin the long haul again; trusting to the tender mercies of the Grading Board every three months.

The Classification Board, which meets every Thursday, has the authority to down-grade, but not up-grade a man. This singular action is usually taken as a result of an inmates lax work habits or similar complaint.

One of the primary purposes of the Grading Board, (I think) is to instill in our itchy footed temperaments, a degree of steadiness and responsibility.

Tobacco, grades, Pepsi Colas, and all the rest of it, are simply a means to an important end. The *end*, of course, is being able to stick to one job when we finally leave Collin's Bay or an outside camp. Bon chance and Good Grading!

Softball Clowns

Bay Ball Bends Before Buffoonery, Burlesque

Softball here at the Bay has given players and spectators a bit more than the ordinary run of thrills during the past season. The fact is, the various madeap antics, ranging from the truly hilarious to the downright ridiculous, would have caused the late and venerable Abner Doubleday excessive regret he ever took the trouble to 'invent' the game.

Not only have the various and sundry players, some in name only, made the game, as played here, a fantasy worthy of the Keystone Kops or a nightmare from a Wayne and Shuster skit, but the spectators were not to be outdone, either.

The weather in May, when the season first opened, was so cold, most of players taking the field looked more like Eskimos preparing for a seal hunt, than athletes preparing for a customary summer sport.

One bespectacled outfielder lost a flyball during one of these early games when his glasses became fogged by his own breath.

Gloves were selected, more for the area of hand they could protect from the frost, and the icy wind blowing off the Lake, than any potentiality for catching a ball.

One team manager, not wanting to expose the arm of his ace pitcher to the elements, decided to start another

player who claimed he was a pitcher, but whom no one had ever seen pitch.

The erstwhile pitcher began warming up by lobbing some slow pitches to the catcher. After watching the pitcher for several minutes, the manager asked him if he was warmed up yet. The pitcher nodded. "All right," the manager said. "Let's see you throw a few fast balls in. I think the catcher should be warmed up enough by now."

The pitcher turned to him, an incredulous expression on his face, and after a moment of silence, scowled: "What do you mean, cut loose? That was my fast ball."

Sometime later in the season, another manager, disgusted because his charges were continuously forgetting the bunt sign, decided to do something about it.

Before the next game, instead of calling his players together to tell them the bunt sign for that game, simply said to them: "Just watch me when you come to bat. You'll know when I want you to bunt."

During the late innings of the game, with the tying run on first and no one out, the manager decided this would be a fine place for a bunt.

Sure enough, the next batter dutifully looked toward the coach's box for his sign. The manager, a pleased smile on his face, promptly lifted the

front of his jersey up to his chest, revealing a neatly lettered sign stuck into his belt: B U N T.

It didn't work, however. The batter swung at the next pitch and grounded into a double play.

Fuming, the manager demanded why the batter hadn't bunted. "Didn't you see the sign?" he asked, sarcastically.

"Yes, I saw it. But I can't read."

Another manager benched a .600 hitter for three games. When a curious spectator asked why, the manager shook his head in disgust:

"He's only hitting .600. He'd have to hit 2.000 to make up for all the runs he lets score on his errors."

The umpires have been a prime source of laughs also, during the season.

One umpire made a obviously bad call at first base, calling a runner out when the first baseman had his foot a yard off the base.

After the argument had died down and the team in the field had come to bat, the first batter hit a ball to the shortstop, who fumbled the ball and finally made the throw to first base. The same umpire, without a moment's hesitation, called the batter out before he was even halfway to first, and held to his decision, despite the fact the batter beat the fumbling shortstop's throw to first. Asked why he made such a ridiculous call, the umpire replied, blandly: "I made a bad call for the other team, so I had to even it up. An umpire has to be impartial."

Spectators have had their moments, too.

During one of the games, an umpire heard someone call time from one of the players' benches. He raised his arms and suspended play.

The man, who had called time, walked out to the pitcher, and the two began talking, quietly at first, and then, gradually, they got into a heated argument. It went on for several minutes before the umpire walked out to the mound and told them they would have to break it up.

The man, who had called time, turned on the umpire and told him, in no uncertain terms, to go away. The umpire, clearly biting his lip, to held his temper, warned the fellow that if he didn't watch his language, he would be thrown out of the game.

"You can't kick me out of this game," the man snapped. "I'm not even in it. This guy has owed me four packages of cigarettes for the past three canteens. This is the first chance I've had to get him where he can't run off on me."

The Diamond, too has contributed to the season's laughs. One writer, not long here from 'Merrie Olde England,' was assigned to cover the Sinners' game one Sunday. He was late in getting out, but hurried quickly over to the scorekeeper and asked for the score. When told the Sinners were winning 7-0, he replied: "Oh jolly. Who got the goals?"

Ration Pin-Ups

The army has rationed pin-ups at Catterick Camp, Yorkshire, England. Each man is allowed to have not more than three pinned above his bed.

Dear Eddy...

DEAR EDDY: I'm going home soon to my wife and child. While I've been here I didn't get much of a chance to know him, or for him to get to know me. We live pretty far from here and when my wife came to visit me she had to leave him at her mother's because long trips tired him out. Frankly, I'm worried about his reaction, when I walk in the door a stranger.

CELL #309

DEAR CELL #309: *Small children are like puppies: they don't see strangers, they sense them. Don't act natural...BE NATURAL* Some night soon, when he climbs up in your lap and clings to you while your wife tries to peel him off, to tuck him into bed, you will laugh at yourself for worrying. Happy laughter to you all.

DEAR EDDY: What is the world's record for the pole vault?

CELL #889

DEAR CELL #889: *Not a chance! You're beating your head against a brick wall.*

DEAR EDDY: Recently, a 'fish' came in (Eddy's Note: prison jargon for a newcomer) and I lent him some cigarettes. Now he refuses to pay them back. What do you think of that?

CELL #247

DEAR CELL #247: *THAT is quite a fish story: Wall-eyed Pike Hooks Sucker.*

DEAR EDDY: You have never seen a bridge player like the guy I've been saddled with for the past two months. He takes me out of every bid and then butchers it. I told him I was going to drop him, but he only glared at me and said, 'Dummy up! Or I'll drop you.' The last time he 'dropped' a guy the judge gave him a deuce. What can I do?

CELL #123

DEAR CELL #123: *Let him butcher the bid. Better to be a live dummy than a goren Goren.*

DEAR EDDY: My trouble is that I never seem to be able to write a letter to the outside unless it is in a bitter vein. This only upsets the people I write to and it makes me sorry I even wrote in the first place. Is there any solution to remedy this?

CELL #272

DEAR CELL #272: *Write your letters at night and don't mail them until you have reread them in the morning. Chances are, you will find, your night thoughts should remain in the dark. Write only of the cheerful things you see in prison. You say you don't see any? In that case, here's a little thought for you. The only thing that separates a man from an animal is his imagination.*

DEAR EDDY: My problem is three years.

CELL #888

DEAR CELL #888: *Mine will celebrate her twenty fourth in March ... wonder who's kissn' her now?*

DEAR EDDY: Why is it that, in the States, they get 30 days off their sentences when they donate blood to the Red Cross while, in Canada, all we get is a bottle of coke.

CELL #466

DEAR CELL #466: *Did you check under your bottle cap? Grape-vine had it there were a few paroles found under some of them.*

(If you have a problem drop me a line. Inmates may use any three digits of their prison number while outside readers may use pen-names.)

Hobbycraft

C.B. hobbycraft totaling \$1,684.82 was on display at the Ottawa Exhibition, Aug. 23 to 31.

Most of the work produced by 40 active hobbyists, or, 18.1 per cent of the 220 listed in the Institution.

The goods submitted consisted of leathercraft, coppercraft, costume jewelry, gem craft, petti point, and minature woodwork.

There were no paintings submitted, since they were planned for entry into the Kingston Fair during Sept.

Mr. Bruce Palmer, hobbycraft officer, told the Diamond that not many inmates participated, considering that there are over 220 who are licensed.

The Diamond also participated in the exhibition by sending along several hundred copies.

What About Those Short Paroles?

Warden Claims C.B.P. Doesn't Get Enough Paroles; NBP, John Howard Representatives Give Reason Why

Have you ever felt that there are not enough paroles being granted at Collin's Bay?... That YOU should be getting one?

That's the way Warden Fred Smith feels, too.

An institution of Collin's Bay's type should be getting more paroles than the 20% presently being granted to local inmates, Warden Smith assured the Diamond.

Last year, a total of 91 paroles were made at C.B.P.

Mr. Smith contends that one of the prime reasons is that CB inmates are not laying out a proper parole 'plan'.

In an attempt to verify the Warden's claim, the Diamond interviewed Mr. C.A.M. Edwards, regional representative for the Nation Parole Board, and Mr. William F. McCabe, district representative for the John Howard Society.

Both Edwards and McCabe concurred with the Warden, but also added that many inmates, and not necessarily from this institution, are not writing for parole.

The reasons for this were summed up to mean that a lot of the men feel short paroles are not worth the taking, as the idea is uppermost among prisoners that they are expected to give much more in 'good time' than what

they earn on parole.

However, this reasoning is distorted, according to C.A.M. Edwards.

"You no longer get short paroles", he said.

"The new Penitentiary Act, which came into force on April 5, 1962," Edwards said, "provides that persons granted parole will be required to serve their statutory remission on parole. This results in a longer time on parole. Earned remission (the three days a month earned), received in the Institution, however, is not served on parole."

Mr. Edwards said that the length of parole should not deshearten the person who is genuinely resolved to lead a law-abiding life. The longer a person has to spend on parole, said Edwards, the better his chances of success.

With reference to the 'plan', both men agreed, it must be 'realistic' and 'positive'.

Exactly what those words mean, the Diamond was not completely able to determine.

However, from what McCabe hinted, it should include a respectable and reliable sponsor, either an individual or an organization; at least a solid prospect of employment, and an indication that you do not plan to return to the conditions and circumstances which led

to your 'fall', whether this be drinking, an incompatible wife, or relative, or just simply the town or city where you might have undesirable friends.

McCabe and Edwards indicated that a consideration of the Board is whether or not you have taken any steps toward making yourself a better person than you were before you came in (taking a vocational course, improving your education, taking part in some self-improvement programme, such as the human relations courses, or group therapy) and whether you have assimilated what you have learned as part of your character and personality (made these a part of yourself).

According to the booklet on parole, some of the considerations the Board has indicated they consider are:

- 1) The type and seriousness of the offence.
- 2) Your past behaviour—good or bad?
- 3) The possibility as to whether or not you will return to a life of crime, and the possible damage you might cause if you did.
- 4) The type of individual you are, and whether you can live without committing crime.
- 5) The efforts you have made in prison to improve yourself.
- 6) Your family, your married life, your background, whether anyone is wil-

ling and able to help you, when you leave prison.

- 7) Your proposed parole plans—whether they are 'sound' and will help toward your rehabilitation.
- 8) What employment you have arranged, or may be able to arranged? This is an important factor. If you cannot arrange for work for yourself, do you have anyone who can?
- 9) Do you understand what got you into trouble? If you have some particular problem (alcohol, narcotics, etc.) do you feel you have overcome it? This includes having learned to understand yourself better: your strengths and weaknesses, so that you will be able to control your behaviour and stay out of trouble in the future.

The important factor is whether or not you have changed your attitude.

The Diamond realizes that many of these considerations are ambiguous to some inmates, but because of the amount of space needed to break them down is not available, invitation is extended to anyone, who would like clarification on any particular point, to drop a 'kite' into the Diamond box. Every attempt will be made to get the answer for you. There will be no need to put either your name, or number, on the kite.

Religion Shows

LONDON, Ont. (CP) — Judge W.H. Fox of the London juvenile and family court noted Tuesday that of the 600 boys and girls who have appeared in the last two years, only two were Jewish. He attributed this to the concentrated religious training received by Jewish youth.



To steal or not to steal—
that is the question...

MORTGAGE MANOR

The Editor,
The Diamond.

Dear Boss, Sir, Your Honor:

The last letter you wrote me, you said, "Give us some good news for a change, you jerk. Something hopeful, like. We don't want no more of this gloomy jazz, churl."

Well, boss, I guess you'll just have to go jump in the lake, if the Warden'll let you. The news hasn't been so good, lately.

What bugs me most is what happened to Eustace. This Eustace deal is an alias, of course. One thing the boys at the Bay taught me, when I had a chance to trade lies with 'em' was not to tip anything off.

Anyway, this Eustace type graduated from the Bay a while ago, and he swore up and down he was going to walk the straight and narrow on account of he felt that the accommodation behind these gray stone walls left something to be desired. Mainly, out. So when he got out, that's the way he wanted to stay, if you read me.

So he wandered off and got himself a job. From what he wrote, it was a pretty fair job, at that. He didn't hold it very long, though. He hadn't been entirely frank with his employers about where he had been studying, the past few years, and when they got the dope he was out again, though this time he didn't want to be, if you see what I mean.

By Lex Schrag

Mind you, this Eustace's bosses had liked him fine, and they even offered him a nice letter of recommendation. It was just that he was playing around with some mighty valuable stuff in their factory—and you know how it is.

Eustace didn't waste any time moping around or casing soft touches, such as banks. He hobbled off and got himself another job. This wasn't quite such a good job, but it wasn't too bad, at that, and it was one he could do sitting down.

Well, like I said, you know how it is. Along comes somebody with a big mouth, and Eustace is out. But mind you, he didn't prod anybody in the brisket with a heater. He paddled around until he found a third job. This one wasn't quite so good, either. He latched onto a spot as a waiter, which he couldn't do sitting down.

But Eustace must have taken a real scunner to the Bay, because he waited away like crazy, and got the clientele of the joint where he worked to liking him real good. By and by, he gets put behind the bar on off days, and he's handling the bar money, which wasn't small potatoes, and the booze. But Eustace has turned so honest it hurts, and nothing sticks to his fingers.

So, by and by, the headwaiter decides he will take off for some holidays. The manager of the dump decides

Eustace will be the headwaiter while the headwaiter is away, and Eustace figures he's on his way to getting rich, married and fat. He works hard but smooth, and the patrons seem to consider he's just about as head waiterish as the joker who went on holidays, or perhaps more so. So what happens?

The headwaiter comes back from holidays and finds Eustace is getting to be the white-haired waiter around the beanery. He then says as follows: He, the headwaiter, has a contract; the management can give him or Eustace the old heave-ho, because he won't work with Eustace any more BUT, if the management gives him, the headwaiter, the bounce, it will have to buy out his contract.

Well, you know how it is. Eustace was out again. Boss, the guy called me up long distance and he was just about sobbing into the phone. Where, he wants to know, is justice?

Boss, I had to tell Eustace I hadn't a clue as to where was justice. I said if he ran out of eating money he could

shack up in my shebeen until he found somewhere he could spring an honest buck. I haven't heard from him since, which was several months ago. He wanted to make it on his own, I guess. I feel mighty sorry for Eustace, because he tried hard, what I mean, hard.

There isn't much point in telling you all this crap, on account of I don't think you'd put it in The Diamond. But I think maybe Eustace should have taken one of those personality courses they had at the Bay. If he had, he might have realized that when that (censored) headwaiter came back from his holidays he'd suspect Eustace was gunning for his job and give Eustace the gears with a couple of added cams.

There may be a moral buried somewhere in this mess, like: It's no use being a good guy unless you can persuade your boss he's a better one, but I dunno. You're the editor. You find it, huh?

Yours respectfully,
The Churl.

Ed's Note: *Even the old reliable grapevine sometimes produces sour grapes.*

Local AA Calls For Non-Alcoholics

The Collin's Bay chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous extended invitations, last month, for non-alcoholics to join.

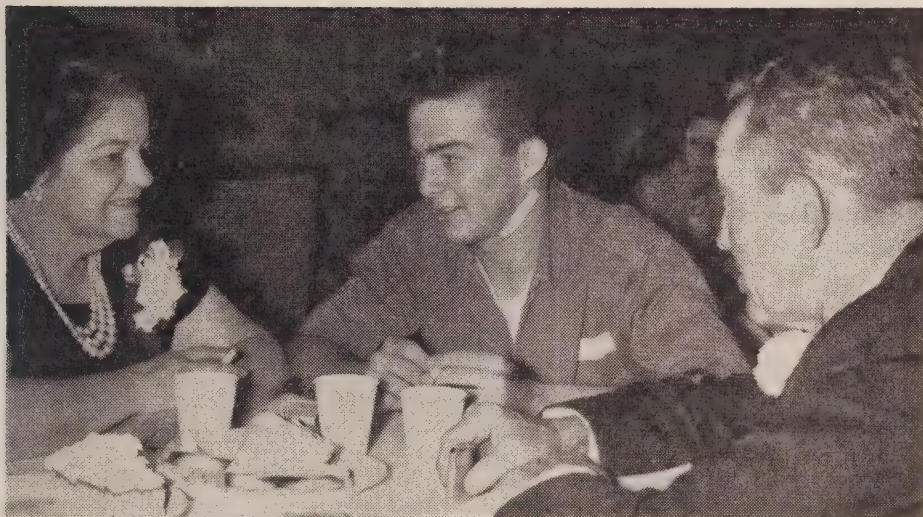
Hector L., the oldest member of the C.B. Vision Group, and a non-alcoholic himself, told the Diamond that non-alcoholics might well find some good in joining. He said the AA is the closest thing the Institution has to group therapy.

The AA meets on Tuesdays, from 7 until 8:30 P.M., in an open discussion group, and from 1 to 3:30 Saturdays for an open meeting. Speakers from the surrounding area—between Montreal and Toronto—usually attend on Saturdays.



Family Service

The events described and illustrated on the following pages were from the fourth Family Service Day at Collin's Bay Penitentiary. The "Day" is a unique experiment of the Canadian Penitentiary Service and is intended to bring together inmates and their families three times a year to attend church services and visit as a group.



“— A MOTHER trying to be brave for her son's sake.”

Day Pictorial

High above the ground, a jet was streaking across the blue sky, leaving a thin trail of white smoke in its slipstream. It was Sunday, and the pilot, in his solitude, was as close to God as it was possible to be.

There were others watching, who, while not so free in motional expression, were soaring just as high, emotionally.

They were the inmates of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

The time was 9 A.M., August 25th, 1963.

This was 'V' Day.

These men had been waiting for four months, four long, lonely months.

This was Family Service Day, a day when their loved ones, coming from near and far — from the hamlets, the towns and the cities — would arrive, to spend the day, as visitors, in the penitentiary.

The gates opened.

THEY CAME from near and far—from the hamlets, the towns and the cities.



Even the most cynical would have been impressed with the scenes which unfolded that day — a mother trying to be brave for the sake of her son, whom she would have to leave behind at the end of the visit; the father concealing his heartbreak because he was unable to do anything constructive to help his wife, beyond hiding his anxiety behind the facade of a cheerful smile; the kid sister, a little shy and awed by the massive, towering walls, and the older brother, who set the family unit at ease with his jokes and

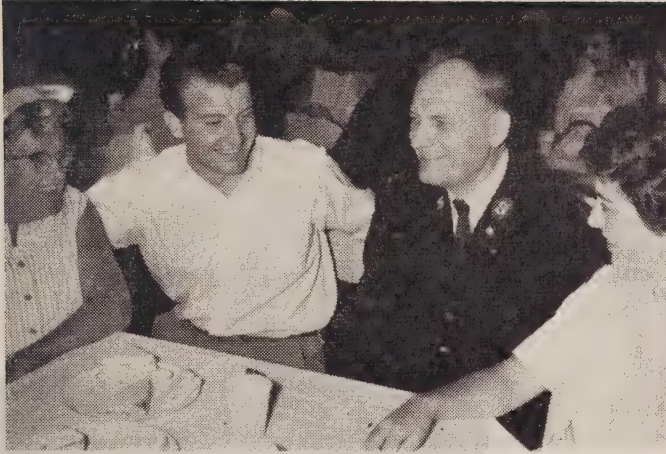
bantering of the neighborhood news. These were some of the people who came.

Next to arrive was a young wife, her sure, steady step belying the nervous anticipation, which showed in her eyes, as she scanned the crowded gymnasium for a glimpse of her husband. Then, she saw him, and her face became as soft and relaxed as that of a young bride. Not all of the four months' exile had been spent inside the walls.

At one table sat a lone male visitor, fidgeting with a crease in the white



“AT ONE table sat a lone visitor, fidgeting with a crease in the white tablecloth....”



MAJOR JACKSON
of the Salvation Army
visited from table to
table.

tablecloth. Every now and then, he would run his hand through the steel grey hair above his ears, and glance expectantly towards the door. No one came.

I zig zagged around the tables and went over. We chatted for a few minutes, and then he inquired as to the whereabouts of an inmate whom I happened to know. A relieved smile appeared, when I explained that so-and-so was in the church choir, and would be along later.

"Are you his father?" I asked.

He chuckled and, then, replied, in a quiet voice, "No...No relative. Just a friend."

"Just a friend!" Probably, the most graphic words that one can hear in prison.

Then came the senders and the receivers of the letters upon which the hopes and the dreams of the inmates are founded. Call them sweethearts, girl friends, fiancées. What matter the name? To the inmate, they are the

symbol of the free future: a normal life.

The day began.

In the gym office, the radio operator switched over the amplifier from the records to the microphone. The Deputy Warden, Mr. Ulric Belanger, sat down before the mike. He welcomed the guests warmly, and proceeded to give a brief outline of the day's schedule. He went on to remark on some of the encouraging responses he had received in the form of letters from guests of previous visiting days. The conclusion of his speech was the signal for the group to proceed to their respective places of worship — the Protestant and Roman Catholic chapels.

Over by the east wall, the Roman Catholic Chapel waited in silent dignity, for the congregation to settle into the pews.

Father Felix Devine, a down-to-earth prison chaplain, came out of the sacristy, and placed the chalice on the altar. The sunlight, shining through the



FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
brothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts
....they all came.

stained glass windows, played on the multi-coloured clothing of the attentive audience.

In a quiet, modulated voice, Father Devine said mass. With an authority and dignity, born of long practice, the priest guided his listeners through the service. Father Devine's sermon on the 'Return of the Prodigal Son to his Father', was an appeal for understanding from friends and relatives when the inmate returned home, from prison.

At this point, we left to cover the Protestant service.



Embedded in the cement walk, at the entrance to the Protestant Chapel, is the Star of David, emblem of the Jewish faith; above the entrance is the Christian Cross. The chapel is a place where the two faiths, one born of the other, may meet.

Rev. Minto Swan spoke, to a capacity crowd of worshippers, on the dangers and pit-falls of self-pity. The minister used his knowledge of human failings, to drive home his message.





DEPUTY WARDEN U. BELANGER welcomed the visitors and made new friends for Family Service Day.

The church services were the turning point. The visitors lost the uneasy, alien feeling of actually being in a prison. To the guests, the familiar act, of attending church, must have been similar to the feeling a lost traveler would have experienced, on seeing a friendly landmark.

No matter where the location ... a church is a church.

Time: 11 A.M. Place: Auditorium.

The gym gang had done a terrific job. While the prison slept, they had been working all night long, from 11 P.M. to 6:15 A.M. The auditorium was spotless. Strategically positioned, on the tables, were vases filled with flowers. Recreation Officer, Hub Macey knew what would set the women at ease. He ordered quite a few...and paid for them out of his own pocket.

There was another incident. A young girl, here to visit her brother, lost her wallet with all her money. Mike Hodgson, an inmate, found it. She was a very happy girl when she got it back. Mike can smell a buck even before it

leaves the mint, and the fact that he returned half a year's prison salary, without a second thought, made the joint proud.

Old Lucifer was batting a big, fat zero that day.

Making the rounds, shaking hands with old friends, and making new ones, was Major Jackson, a familiar figure to the inmates. The Salvation Army is no novice to penal functions.

The prison officials wore civvies and mingled with the inmates and their guests. The absence of uniformed guards was an astute move. A relaxed atmosphere took over the prison auditorium.

Warden Smith, in a conversation with one mother, made such a favourable impression, she felt compelled to pay him a compliment:

"You don't look like a warden," she said, giving him a sunny smile.

The Warden laughed.

Standing behind him, I laughed, too.

The Warden made a right turn.

THE KITCHEN CREW set up a snack of sandwiches and coffee for the hungry throng. Here an inmate steward serves a husband and wife.



I made a left ... and left.

Patrolling my beat, I noticed that my editor had cornered the Diamond Liaison Officer. I couldn't help but admire the way he had placed Mr. Rynasko between himself and his visiting mother. That's one thing about our editor, when he wants to wheedle something out of somebody, the time and the place mean nothing: all he

asks, is the opportunity. Too bad he looked so scruffy, sitting next to the immaculate Liaison Officer.

I had planned my tour, so that I would end up in the most desirable observation position ... next to the long table, the kitchen crew had set up, to meet the demands of their hungry charges. The table seemed to be overburdened, so I proceeded to



OUR EDITOR looked a 'little scruffy' next to **DIAMOND** Liaison Officer William Rynasko.

AT THE CLOSE OF the day, the goodbyes had to come. This inmate is seeing the last of his mother for another four months.



take some of the weight off one end.— Well done, Chefs!

Like all good things, the day had to end.

The Deputy wished the visitors a safe journey home, and held forth the hope that there would be other days, such as this one.

I sincerely hope so. This is too good a project to be abandoned.

The Diamond, on behalf of the inmates of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, offers its' thanks, to the men responsible for this step forward in Canadian penal progress.

The Valley of Fools

We learn from the days of our infancy that formalized laws are necessary if men are to live together. But throughout history, there have been simple-minded men who actually were, and are, incapable of understanding why laws should be necessary. It is these men who, more than the most depraved criminal, are the greatest threat to the 'established order'. They are called anarchists, early christians, rebels, socialists, communists, fools; and any reasonable man can tell you their way of life will never work....

By R. H. Abboreno

During the third year of the sixth decade in the twentieth century following the birth of the man called Christ, a short while after he had related the Parable of the Ants to the Fools of the Earth, the Purple Prophet experienced the need to relax.

Returning to the distant valley wherein was his cave, he called forth his friend, Archimedes, the owl, who lived in the great oak tree near the entrance of the cave, and asked him to summon the young men and women of the valley.

While the owl was doing his bidding, the Purple Prophet entered his cave and withdrew from the shadows several large casks of wine he had placed there to ferment. He then made ready for a huge feast.

By the setting of the sun, all the youth had answered his call and the first of the great casks was already half empty. The singing and the dancing, the shouts and laughter, rang through the valley as a thunderous symphony of Olympian merriment, and the older inhabitants smiled to themselves and each other, and knew that the young people would not be working in the fields the following day.

And it came to pass at that time, that a stranger, a wise man and a ruler

in his own country, was driving through the valley. Upon hearing this cacophony of sounds, he stopped his splendid automobile and asked an old man leaning casually against a stone fence what it all might mean.

The old man grinned foolishly and said, "It is the Purple Prophet. He is teaching our young men and women the means to grow old happily."

The wise man shook his head, perplexed. "I cannot understand. It sounds more like a drunken brawl."

The old man maintained his grin. "It is only a party. The noise you hear is the proof they are enjoying themselves."

"But such an unholy racket. Why do the citizens not call for the police to put an end to such riotous carousing? In my country this would be disturbance of the peace. A serious crime against the municipal code."

The old man merely shrugged his shoulders. "There are no police. What need have we of police? And happiness certainly cannot disturb the peace of anyone. It only reminds those of us who are too old for such strenuous frolicking of the joys of our own youth. For we too gathered at the cave of the Purple Prophet, during the summer



"...What unholy place is this?"

eves, and danced and sang and drank the wine, and learned the great lesson of the Purple Prophet."

The wise man starred at the old man as though the old one had taken leave of his senses. At last, he asked: "Who is this Purple Prophet that he should be exempt from the law?"

The old man smiled again, a bit wistfully. "He is just a man. A man who has taught us that the secret of life is living. And he is not exempt from the

law, because there is no law."

"What, no Law? What sort of unholy place is this; where a man can do as he pleases? And what nonsense do you speak: The secret of life is living? There certainly is a great deal more to it than that. What of honour, wealth, success, accomplishment?"

The old man scratched his head, a little bewildered. "I know nothing of these things of which you speak: Honour, wealth, success, accomplishment. We have no schools in this valley, and therefore we are somewhat ignorant. All we know are the few little things the Purple Prophet asked us to consider when we were children:

"That it is good to work because it makes the body strong and a strong body enables us to live longer that we may enjoy life more completely;

"That too much work is not good because it detracts from the time we have to enjoy the other things around us;

"That if a man working in the fields suddenly should feel the need to walk among the green trees of the forest, or fish in the cool, swift brook, it is better that he do these things than do that which he finds boring and tiresome at the moment;

"That there is no evil in any man; it is only the things we presume to think as evil which are the real evil;

That we should never stand judge over another man, for the evil we will condemn in him will merely be a reflection of the very evil in our own hearts;

"That we should help men less fortunate than we because it detracts from our own happiness to know that another is in misery;

"That one man should not seek ad-

'What fools live in this place?'

vantage over another man, or set himself up as king or judge or priest, for he is taking unto himself a thing that is not his to take;

'That no man should presume to instruct others on the means of conducting their physical or spiritual life unless his own life be beyond reproach (that is one reason why we have no rulers or law in this valley; we have never had a man who was beyond reproach);

'That a man with a full belly will never cause his neighbor mischief; for this is the source of all discontent among common people;

'That every man is an island, a kingdom, unto himself, and that to interfere with any act of another man is an act of aggression;

'That....'

At this point, the wise man held up his hand, halting the speaker.

'Every man is an island? No man has the right to interfere in the acts of other men? What sort of nonsense is this? Why, it is anarchy! How can there be any order? What is to prevent a man from killing you and taking your property?'

The old man, the perpetual grin on his ruddy, fleshy face, shrugged and replied: "Nothing but the precept itself. If it is wrong for me to interfere with him, is it not also wrong for him to interfere with me? What ever action he undertakes, he must first consider

as to whether or not it will be an annoyance to me. I am not as learned as you, reverend sir, but it appears quite logical to my poor reasoning. It has been my experience that if a man feels safe from the intrusion of his neighbors, he will not intrude upon them."

The wise man, completely amazed and aghast at this sort of simplemindedness, climbed back into his automobile and drove along the dusty road, leaving the fat old man to smile after him, waving his hand, idiotically, in farewell.

As the wise man passed over the remaining miles in the Valley of the Purple Prophet, he narrowly averted running over the fat sheep and cattle which wandered carelessly across the road, nibbling on the lush green grass in the center and along the sides of the road, and several times he routed outraged crows who scolded him as they rose in black swarms from the rich golden fields, ready for the harvest.

And while he drove, he muttered to himself:

"What fools live in this place. It is fortunate for such simpletons that they do not live in the real world, for they would be paupers and lackeys, and possibly even criminals, with their strange ideas. I wonder what they would do and say if they ever saw a television set."

SHAVE THE TOP, PLEASE

TOKYO — A district court ruled shaving a convict's head doesn't violate human rights and, what's more, it's sanitary, it keeps prison costs down and it helps prevent escapes. Convict Tatetaka Kinoshita had complained he lost his dignity with his hair.



H U M O U R



Judge (to prisoner, aged sixty)—
"The sentence is thirty years' penal servitude."

Prisoner (in tears)—"Your honor, I shall not live long enough to serve the sentence."

Judge (in kindly tone)—"Don't worry, do what you can."

She—"Say, you're too rough."

He—"But mine's true love, and it never did run smooth."

A visitor asked a little girl, "And what will you do, my dear, when you are as big as your mother?"

"Diet," said the child.

Lawyer—"When I was a boy my highest ambition was to be a pirate."

Client—"You're in luck. It isn't every man who can realize the dreams of his youth."

"How old should you say she is?"

"Oh, somewhere in the middle flirties!"

"Are you positive," demanded counsel, "that the prisoner is the man who stole your car?"

"Well," answered the witness, "I was until you cross-examined me. Now I'm not sure whether I ever had a car at all."

Bashful Suitor—"I love the good, the true and beautiful."

Ginny—"This is so sudden; but I'm sure Father will consent."

Cannibal—"We've just captured an actor."

Chief—"Huray! I was hoping for a good ham sandwich."

The wealthy industrialist stormed out of his mansion, climbed into his car and snarled at his chauffeur, "Drive me downtown to my club. I just caught my wife kissing the butler." The chauffeur smiled tolerantly and replied: "Oh, come now boss, you're just trying to make me jealous."

"Your office is as hot as an oven," said a client to his lawyer.

"So it ought to be. I make my bread here."

Suitor—"I wish to marry your daughter, sir."

Dad—"Do you drink, young man?"

Suitor—"Thanks a lot, but let's settle this other thing first."

Prisoner—"It is difficult to see how I can be a forger. Why, I can't sign my own name."

Judge—"You are not charged with signing your own name."

A Schraggy Dog Story--

Andrew Alexander Schrag, unfavorably known as the churl of Mortgage Manor, was born in Toronto during the worst thunderstorm of August, 1907. He spent his early churlhood in Brampton, Ont. where he successfully resisted the regimentation of the public school and business college.

Rather than demean himself with vulgar toil, he became a reporter while still in rather ragged knee pants. He has since been employed by, and has occasionally worked for, all of the existing Toronto newspapers.

Mr. Schrag's journalistic career has been one of progressive degradation. He began publishing his own newspaper at the tender age of nine years, but retired from the enterprise when he found it entailed a degree of effort and industry.

He has been a member of The Globe and Mail's staff since 1946 and now produces a weekly column, writes recipes for the women's pages and performs several other unimportant chores.

His military service was fraught with frustration. He enlisted in the Canadian Army in 1941 was commissioned from the ranks when his total lack of ability was recognized in 1943. After a tour of duty in Canadian Military Headquarters, London, he was thankfully despatched to Canada for service with the Pacific Force. He was



one of the first captains forcibly discharged when the war ended.

Mr. Schrag is married to the woman with whom he has been living for the past 16 years. They have a dog, Sean, and a cat, Itsy. Mr. Schrag belongs to no clubs, societies or organizations of any sort and is, in fact, only an associate member of the human race.

He has written three books which have been widely and wisely ignored by the Canadian public. His hobbies are: eating, cooking, reading, bridge, chess and eating.

His only real distinction is his appointment as the foreign correspondent of The Diamond, the magazine published by inmates of the Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS...

Collin's Bay has the reputation of being one of Canada's most up-to-date penal institutions.

It goes without saying, that the Trades Training program has done an untold amount of good for those who have taken the courses with the intention of using them to good advantage. A success figure of approximately 80%, placed against a national recidivist rate of 82%, cannot be sneezed at.

But, compared to California, for instance, Canada, and Collin's Bay are hopelessly backward in the one positive approach to rehabilitation—group or psychotherapy.

California is the largest state in the Union, with 20 million people, a figure equal to that of Canada's entire population. But its geographic mass is infinitesimal, compared to Canada's. Yet the California Department of Corrections has 17 full-time psychiatrists, and hundreds of trained social workers and group therapy leaders.

Collin's Bay did have a small group therapy class until recently, which reportedly was quite successful as far as inmate interest was concerned. However, it folded when a volunteer psychologist was forced to resign, because of a pressing 'outside' work load.

Dr. Scott is prison psychologist, not only for Kingston Penitentiary, but also Joyceville and Collin's Bay. . . . a potential clientele close to 2,000. . . a little too much to ask of any one man.

If Canadians and the Penitentiary Service seriously want to reduce recid-

ivism and aid inmates to make good on the outside, after release, some money will have to be expended in this direction. And that does not mean sessions once every week or two, but everyday.

The busy work most inmates do, might help develop their muscles, and give them something to do between soccer, softball and basketball games in the evenings; but it will do little for the inner man, the source of most inmates' troubles.

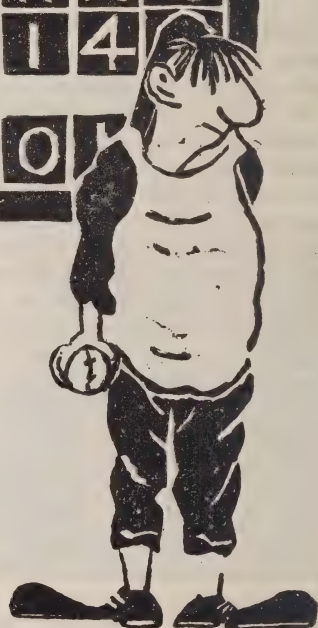
A man cannot remedy his failings until he knows just what it is he must remedy. Despite the optimism of many people involved in prison work today, he cannot do this alone. The idea seems to be that, given enough time, the inmate will see where he made his mistake.

He often will, but not in the way intended. He will see where he went wrong on his 'score', and spend the years figuring out a way to keep from getting caught next time.

Psychotherapy and trades training should be a full-time curriculum for Collin's Bay. If trades training can reverse the recidivist rates, than a full-fledged psychotherapy program should at least fortify it.

But, what is most important, it will give the Parole Board a solid base on which to consider parole, and the inmate some idea of where he stands. At least, he will have a better idea of what is expected of him.

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Sports

- ★ SINNERS WIN CONGRESS TOURNEY
- ★ METS TAKE MAJOR FINALS
- ★ MINORS WON BY ANGELS
- ★ RANGERS DEFEAT GALES - SOCCER



Sinners Cop 2nd Annual Labour Day Ball Crown

The Sinners jumped off to a 6-1 lead in the first three innings, and then held on tight, to beat Verona, 8-6, and win the second annual Labour Day Softball Congress Tournament, Sept. 2.

It was the Sinner's first win of the tourney championship. Last year, the first year it was held, the Prince George Indians won. The Sinners lost out in the semi-finals.

Deputy Warden Ulric Belanger presented the trophy at the end of the game.

The Sinner victory climaxed two earlier, semi-final games, played in the morning and the afternoon, which brought out 400 inmates and civilian guests.

The win over Verona was anti-climatic to the Sinners and spectators, following their winning of a see-saw, 14-inning morning marathon from the KASA (Kingston) Jr. All-Stars, 7-6. The victory came on a single by Red McDermott, a double by Ray Jakobsen, and an error on Jakobsen's hit by the All-Star leftfielder.

Sinner pitcher, Jim Reicheld, pitched all 14-innings for the Sinners, while Litchfield, and Martin did the hurling for the All-Stars. Martin relieved Litchfield in the top of the ninth, and was the losing pitcher.

In the afternoon game, Verona gained the finals by dumping Bloomfield in another squeaker, ekeing out a 4-2 win. They came up with their four runs in the fifth inning on an error, a hit batsman, and three singles. Bloomfield had taken a 2-0 edge in the third frame.

KASA tied the first game in the last of the ninth, after trailing 6-4, with four singles. Second baseman Rawson delivered the tying single, to bring in Sunston and Reed.

Reicheld also pitched the finals game for the Sinners. He allowed 12 hits and five earned runs in the 14-inning first game, and 10 hits and four earned runs in the nine-inning finale.

KASA (Kingston) Sr. League umpire Ted Lever officiated the first and final games behind the plate, and the afternoon game at third base. Other umpires were inmates McLean, Corrie, and Dube.

George Preston hit a two-run homer for the winners in the last game. He was also one of the hitting stars in the first game, delivering a single which put the Sinners ahead, 3-2, early in the game.

Larry Lonsberry, Freddie Syms, Bennie Bannach, and Jimmy Armour were outstanding Sinner fielders in both games.



Bannach

Trailing in last place for the first half of the season, the Mets turned out to be the class of the Major League, coming on with a rush in the final week of the season to win the league pennant, and then crush the third place Braves in four games in the finals of the best three of five playoff series.

Paced almost entirely by the one man efforts of Bennie Bannach, the champs edged out the White Sox by a half a point during regular season play. The White Sox had roosted on top the league for the entire season, until the Mets dislodged them in the last week. The Braves finished third.

At the start of the season, the Major loop had four teams, but the Yankees dropped out in mid season.

Bannach was both the top pitcher and the leading hitter. Starting the season at shortstop, he was traded from the White Sox to the Mets shortly before the season went into the halfway point. He began pitching for the Mets.

On the mound, he had a 17-4 win-loss record, and the top earned run average, with 2.63. He also led all other pitchers in strikeouts with 208.

At the plate, he compiled a .393 average, and was tops in walks, hits, triples, and runs scored.

The Mets, as a team, paced the league in hitting, with .276, and were second to the Braves in fielding, with .884.

Bannach Leads Mets To League Championships

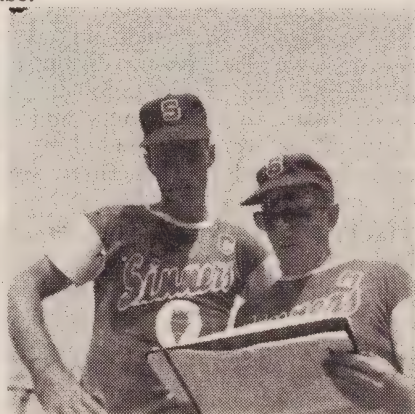
The White Sox lost the pennant to the Mets as the result of a tied game earlier in the season, to the Braves.

All three teams played a total of 31 games each.

The Braves, finishing in third place, faced the second place White Sox in the semi-finals of the playoffs. The White Sox copped the first game, but the Braves came back with a vengeance to grab the next two, and the best two of three series.

In the finals, the Braves seemed prepared to sweep through the Mets with the same ease they took the White Sox in the last two games, winning the first game of the best of five series.

But Bannach and his slugging team mates settled down and grabbed the next three games with comparative ease.



Sinner Mgr. Gordie Cameron and Captain George Preston.

Angels Wallop Bucs In Minor Playoffs

George Duchene's Angels climbed from last place, at midseason, to win the Minor League playoffs in three straight games, early in September, beating the pennant winning Pirates with ease.

The Angels fielding a solid defensive and offensive club, came roaring back after a last place showing early in Aug. and finished a point behind the Pirates in the regular league play. The Pirates, bolstered by a large early lead, were able to withstand the Angel charge, and win the pennant, despite a poor late season showing, which carried over into the playoffs, and allowed the Angels to win with ease.

The Dodgers, who were in second place most of the season, dropped to third, in the final week, following successive losses to the Angels and the Pirates. They were eliminated by the Angels in a best two of three semi-final series in the playoffs.

The Pirates, as pennant winners, had a bye during the semi-finals.

Angel pitchers Doug Fraser and John

Singleton provided their team with enough clutch pitching to take five out of six games in the semi-finals and finals. They lost the first game of the semi-finals to the Dodgers, but came back to take the next two, winning the deciding game in the last of the ninth with two unearned runs.

The Pirates were inept both fielding and hitting in the finals. They made a total of 33 errors in the three games, and were able to garner only 17 runs. The Angels had a total of 37 runs.

Angel centerfielder Berry won the league Most Valuable Player Award.

Phil Menard of the Dodgers was the batting champion, with a .471 average. Jondreau of the Angels was second with a .405 average. Dorsey, Dodger pitcher, topped the league in strikeouts, and had the most homeruns 9 The Pirate first baseman, Andress, was second in homeruns with 5.

The final league standings had the Pirates in first by one point, the Angels second, the Dodgers, third, three points out, and the Blackhawk, were in last place, 8 points out.

Rangers Make Sweep Of Summer Soccer

By Jim McDermott

Soccer was played at Collin's Bay for the first time during the summer season.

Usually soccer here is played in the winter season, but because of a growing popularity, the Recreation Committee with much help from Jim Hutchson, started a summer league. Four teams started, but only three of these finished out the season.

The Rangers managed by Julius Szilagyi, ended up in first place.

The second place Gales were managed by John McBain.

In third spot were the Bombers, managed by Bob McLelland.

Benny Bannach, halfway through the season, took over for Hutchson as Soccer Commissioner. Referees Wally Antler and Hutchson helped make the league a success.

Top scorer of the league was Szilagyi. Les Kollar of the Gales was voted Most Valuable Player.

In the semi-finals, the Gales beat the favoured Bombers 2 out of 3 to meet the Rangers in the finals.

In the first game, the Bombers put up a strong defense and beat the Gales 3 to 2.

But the Gales won the second game, 6 to 2.

The third game was won by the Gales 2-1 in the second overtime period but, after a protest lodged by the Bombers, Commissioner Bannach ordered the game played from start. The Gales won again by the identical 2-1 score, with the winning goal scored in the second overtime period by N. Lekkas.

The first game of the finals saw the Rangers winning 5-4 in a wide open game.

In the second game, the Rangers again won by the score of 5-3. A big star for the winners was Charlie Westrand.

OUR COVER:

Rev. Minto Swan, Protestant Chaplain, greets an inmate and his family, following services at the new Protestant Chapel, during Family Service Day, August 25.

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Dear Editor:

May I say, without reservation, that before publication of no. 5, all previous issues of the Diamond STUNK! I have been here 2½ years, and have yet to see anything that could compare with your last issue.

In the past, there always seemed to be a gruesome overbalance of grim (vain) preachments to the inmate on general issues, such as (and I use the sickening terms), recidivism, rehabilitation; apathetic attitudes by the public, boo-hoo, etc. etc. One would be inclined to think the magazine was being used for the writer's own selfish gains—paroles, etc. (a bold remark, but I would like to know what became of them after their discharge).

However, I may be wrong in this respect, and the articles are dictated by the administration—but how does that account for your radical change?

Respectfully,
An Inmate.

Editor's Note:

Thanks for your letter. I will lay claim to three of those 'sickening' issues—no more. The change came with the selecting of a competent staff, who possess a certain degree of integrity. To answer your last remark—I can assure

you that there is nothing of the sort, as a matter of fact you are now getting a sample of the freedom of speech that is being offered to you by your "dictates"

Dear Churl:

Regarding your article on Mr. Bennett, wondering whether the troubled-type inmate would gain by the service of a counsellor: I would say that they would not.

Perhaps there is the odd inmate who would benefit from this service, but in most cases I think the service would be just another crutch for the "cryer" who can't do his time.

A Steady Reader

Dear Editor:

Read your article on the removal of the age limit for the inmates at Collin's Bay, and found it very informative. This makes a lot of sense, because many criminals are over the age of 21, and it would be detrimental to send them out to a society for which they are unprepared. Or to put it more correctly, society has all the unskilled labour it can absorb, and more.

A vital subject, well written.

Yours truly,
Claude Stanton.

Dear Sirs:

Your "Opinion Poll" was informative and quite believable. It was informative in the respect that 100 is 22.2% of 450, and very believable, in that 92% of all the cons would just love a hand out of \$20,000, to settle back and shoot the breeze and guzzle cans of beer. Men and women, who monotonously make a hash of their attempts in crime, can hardly be expected to suddenly blossom into E.P. Taylors, as soon as they go into legitimate business.

I think it would have been more correct to say that 92% of all cons are perpetual wrong-way-Corrigans, and that the other 8% stand an even chance of succeeding in legitimate business.

Let me say, in conclusion, that I thoroughly enjoyed your polled opinion.

A. Herbert Wilson

Dear Editor:

Congratulations are extended to you, and your staff, for the recent "Diamond" issue: just what the doctor ordered...enjoyed and commented upon by the majority. To borrow a phrase from Churchill: "Never was so much owed by so many to so few". Good hunting, and good luck, to you and your staff on any or all of your future endeavours!

Sincerely,

6067

P.S. Laurels to The "Dear Ed" column. Is "Ed" a short name for *Edith*?

Eddy's Note: *ith's* not for me to say.



"Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah...."

WHAT'S A BUCK WORTH TODAY?



A dollar bill doesn't buy a great deal, prices being what they are, these days. Yet, for a dollar you can subscribe to the Diamond for a year, and receive ten dollars value in entertainment, information, relaxation. If you are a college student, a teacher, a lawyer, or interested in any way, with penology, you will receive an intimate view of a penitentiary, in a light, amusing vein. If you have a relative, or friend, who is temporarily a guest of the Queen, you will receive some idea of how he lives, works, plays, and learns.

A dollar doesn't buy a great deal, but enough of them allows the DIAMOND to continue publication, and ten dimes isn't too high a price to pay for one of the best magazines of its kind, in North America.

If you are already a subscriber, renew your subscription now; if you are not, a dollar is all it will cost you to see what you have been missing. If you have a friend, or friends, whom you feel might be interested in the DIAMOND, send along their names and addresses, and we will send them a sample copy with your compliments.

